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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

WANDERINGS

IN THE MIDDLE WEST

(Suggested by an editorial of H. M.)

This land is a great sea;
Out of it me—
And into it at the end.

It is my friend,
My lover and enemy—
My mother and lover and friend;
My master and my slave.
It gave
All that I have, and it will take away
All that I have, and even my life, some day.

The ocean is a friend who, for a while,
Will talk with me, and smile;
But always with a stranger's courtesy.

The land is maker and lover and slayer of me.

SEA GULLS

"I am the white gull overhead!"
To my love I said;
And stretched my arms and cried
With the swift gull's cry.

Mary Carolyn Davies

But I shall have no freedom till I die;
I shall know never lift of sky
Or sweep of sea:
I am chained cruelly by his love of me.

THE APPLE TREE SAID

My apples are heavy upon me!
It was the spring,
And proud was I of my petals
Nor dreamed this thing:

That joy could grow to a burden,
Or beauty could be
Changed from snow-light to heavy
To humble me.

I PRAY YOU

The dead make rules, and I obey.
I, too, shall be dead some day.

Youth and maid who, past my death,
Have within your nostrils breath,

I pray you, for my own pain's sake,
Break the rules that I shall make!

Mary Carolyn Davies